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Puck

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MODERN.

MRS. NEWGURL *(to* DAUGHTER*)*. — Goodness me, Kitty! Don't stand there with your hands in your pockets, that way; — you don't know how ungentlemanly it looks!

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"THERE ARE TRICKS."

VISITOR.—Are all these ladies waiting for change?

MERCHANT PRINCE.—Oh, dear, no! They are connected with the house. They stimulate trade by struggling with customers who try to approach the bargain counter.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

CLUBBERLY.—Ah, it was a sad blow to me to learn that Fulljames, whom we all knew here at the club as a jolly old sport, has been for years leading a double life.

VON ROUNDER *(excitedly)*.—Why, how 's that?

CLUBBERLY.—I happened to be called to Brooklyn on business last week, and I met him face to face on a resident street, pushing a baby carriage; and he broke down and confessed that he had been married and living there for the last ten years!

A FAIR JESUIT.

"You did n't go to a ball during Lent, did you?"

"Yes; but it was a fancy-dress affair, and I wore sack-cloth and ashes."

RE-ASSURING.

LIFE-INSURANCE AGENT.—What did your father and mother die of?

UNCLE HUMSTED.—I don't rightly know; but 't warn't nuthin' serious.

THE YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

WHEN THE young Lochinvar
rode away to the West,
And bore on his charger the
girl he loved best,
While her stern father swore
at the gay lover's gall,
And the poor, craven bridegroom
braced up with a ball.

There were missiles thrown after
the brave and the fair,
Including some shoes past all hope of repair;
One of which, as he turned, struck the youth on the nose,
And his blood stained the heather and Ellen's fine clothes.

Well, in time, Ellen's father forgave all the past,
And the bless-you-my-children act came on at last.
Lochinvar came to dinner, and eke stayed to tea,
And on sundry occasions he borrowed a V.

(I may state, once for all, that, in peace or in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.)

Once, when Lochinvar junior played round on the floor
And pulled Grandpa's whiskers till Grandpa felt sore,
His Papa referred to that blow on the nose,
And asked what was meant by proceedings like those.

And Grandpa replied to the strapping young buck,
That the shoes had been thrown for the best of good luck;
That he 'd never meant harm to the braw, gallant lad—
(He would fight any chieftain who said that he had.)

And, since then, the custom has spread far and wide
Of throwing old shoes after bridegroom and bride;
And they who thus suffer in eyes, nose, or jaw,
Should charge it to Lochinvar's father-in-law.

W. M.

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IN DAYS TO COME.

He pressed a kiss upon her brow.

"Darling!" he cried, impetuously; "I love you more than all the world besides."

"Alfred," rejoined the woman of the future, "that is all right, but I positively can not afford to get you a new silk hat for Easter."

Whereat he wept miserably, and insisted that it served him right for having married such a brute.

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FAMILY TROUBLE.

COHENSTEIN.— Your son, Ikey, is gettin' to be a shporty boy.

GRABENTHAL.— Dot feller makes me tired! If he could get his oldt fader undt mudder to shpeak mit a English agsent, I t'ink he vould shange his name to Alchy!

A GOOD GUESS.

THE GRIPMAN of a Third Avenue cable car and the driver of a big two-horse truck had become involved in a dispute over the delicate question of social precedence, and travel on the avenue was temporarily suspended.

The driver descended from his lofty perch, and the gripman, who would n't take a dare from any one, jumped over the rail of the front platform and enthusiastically sailed into him.

A Bowery crowd rapidly collected, and cheerfully urged the combatants on with pointed and impartial advice.

While the excitement was at its height, and the two men were rolling about in the mud and slush, pummelling away at each other for dear life, gallant Officer O'Reilly arrived on the scene of action.

He pushed his way through the crowd until he obtained an uninterrupted view of the arena, and the desperate struggles of the two infuriated men.

After a prolonged and silent inspection, he turned to a bystander.

"Phwat is it?" he observed, with languid interest. "Is it a scrap?"

Harry Romaine.

HER OWN.

"The duke seems to be completely blinded to Miss de Million's true character."

"Yes; she threw dust in his eyes."

TRUTH, EVEN in a nutshell, finds some minds too narrow to give it room.

NATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

MR. BLEECKER *(of New York)*.— Is it not against the law to fight duels in France?

MONS. CRAPAUD.— Eez eet not against ze laws for ze saloons to be open on ze Sunday in zis citee?

NO CHANCE FOR IT.

TAGLEIGH.— I wonder why lightning never strikes twice in the same place?

WAGLEIGH.— Well, you can't generally find the place.

TOO DENSE FOR HIM.

STAGE VILLAIN.— Aha! The plot thickens.

DISGUSTED AUDITOR.— Then I 'm off! Can't make head or tail of it now, and I 'll never see through it if it gets any thicker.

IN SIGHT OF THE BONNETS.

MRS. SMITH.— Our minister is the most forgetful man! What text do you suppose he selected for his Easter sermon?

MRS. JONES.— Which one?

MRS. SMITH.— That passage, you know, about taking no heed of what you shall eat or drink, or wherewith you shall be clothed.

FORESTALLED.

"I 'll get on my knees before you," he said.

"I 'll bet you wont!" she rejoined, accepting his defiance and rushing forward.

THE LAST RESOURCE.

EDITOR.— Neither gift schemes, guessing matches, nor eight-color chromos will boom the circulation. There is but one thing to try now; and, if that fails, it is all up with us.

FOREMAN.— What is it?

EDITOR *(impressively)*.— We must get the paper boycotted!

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IN BOSTON.

EMERSON *(aged nine)*.— Mama, I believe I have discovered a remarkable thing in this book.

MAMA.— What is it, Emerson?

EMERSON.— A word which I am unable to pronounce.

HE RELENTED.

"Draw!" cried the knight, advancing with hand on sword. "Draw, in the name of chivalry!"

He paused.

"Craven!" he sneered.

His face softened.

"Perhaps he can't," he muttered. "Perhaps he 's an impressionist."

ON THE "L."

FIRST PASSENGER. — I see you did n't secure a seat?

SECOND PASSENGER. — No — nothing left but general admissions.

IT HAPPENS frequently that the prophet who is without honor in his own country can't afford to go abroad.

WHEN A MAN has more money than he knows what to do with, he proceeds to find out what he does not know.

HARD AS it is to climb up in the world, it racks us a good deal worse to climb down again.

MAN BECOMES the "shadow of his former self" when he is the detective of his own past faults.

THE AVERAGE impressionist is not as bad as the pictures he 's painted.

CHAP. I.

"MR. PONSONBY," said the young man with the black moustache and serious air, "I would like to ask you a question. Are you prepared to die?"

"Sir," replied that gentleman, serenely, "it is true that I have no clerk to shield myself with, but I assure you that if you throw that bomb you will only waste it. There is not thirty dollars in the office, and only three hundred in bank."

"You are pleased to be facetious," returned the visitor, with a faint smile. "I will put my question in another way. Are you thinking of taking out any insurance?"

"Oh, that 's your game?" said Mr. Ponsonby with a troubled look. "No; I am not. You must excuse me; I am very busy this morning and have no time to —"

"I judge from your remarks," said the young man, taking a chair, "that you are not carrying any insurance. Have you ever reflected on the insecurity of life? And has it ever occurred to you that it is a duty, as it should be a pleasure, to secure against want the dear ones now dependent on your labors?"

"Oh, I can take care of them," replied the business man, confidently. "I have a good and growing business here, and as I have only my wife to take care of, and am in the best of health, I think I am very well fixed."

"You are, then, in the very class that most needs insurance," said the agent, drawing a large mass of papers out of his pocket, and speaking very earnestly. "It is the robust man who is most liable to be attacked, because he exposes himself more recklessly. Every day in the year hundreds of men are stricken down with pneumonia, bronchitis, apoplexy and trolley cars. They leave home, as you did this morning, in the best of health and spirits, and a week later there is a sad procession from their late home carrying their mortal remains —"

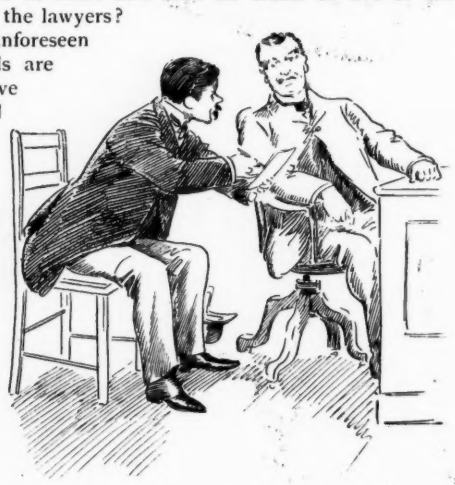
"Really," said Mr. Ponsonby, nervously, "I have so many letters to write —"

"In such a lamentable event," continued the agent, firmly, "what a consoling thought that the wife and little ones, if any there be, are safe against want!"

"But I have a business that would net enough to keep my wife a few years, at least."

The agent shook his head sadly.

"Have you ever been in court and seen an estate of five or ten thousand dollars settled by the lawyers? There will be a hundred unforeseen claims, and when the bills are paid, and the lawyers have taken their share, what will be left for the widow and orphan?"



"There 's something in that," admitted the listener; "but the money that comes from the company —"

"Can not be touched. Not a penny. Now, let me show you our rates, which are the most favorable that can be had. For a straight policy of — let us say — ten thousand, at your age, which is —?"

"Thirty-one."

"A most desirable age. We can make very favorable rates for you, sir. Or perhaps you would prefer a twenty-year endowment? On the next page, third column. Absolutely non-forfeitable after two payments."

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Ponsonby, recovering his senses with a gasp, "I have n't made up my mind —"

"You would prefer a tontine, I know. At your age it is the best, in every way. I can take your application right now, and to-morrow afternoon I will call for you. I 'll take you to our examining physician, and to-morrow night you can lay your head on the pillow knowing that you have done your duty."

CHAP. II.

"There is a murmur in your left lung that I do not like," said the surgeon, dubiously. "Let me listen again. You say you have never had any serious phthisical ailment?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Ever had typhoid fever?"

"No."

"Pleurisy?"

"Don't know what it is."

"How often have you had bronchitis?"

"Never."

"You say your father was subject to rheumatism?"

"Yes, sir. After the age of seventy-three he suffered off and on for twelve years; in fact, until he died."

"H'm! And you admit that your older brother died of yellow fever in Havana at the age of forty?"

"Yes, sir; and my first cousin was hung for horse-stealing in Texas; but it was proven afterward that he did n't do it."

"Being only a cousin, we can pass that by," said the surgeon, kindly. "Has there ever been any insanity or idiocy in your family?"

"I never heard of any."

"You are not sure on that point. H'm! Are you subject to fits?"

"Only of anger. When I think a man is trying to make a fool of me I 'm inclined to fetch him one on the nose."

"That 's bad. Do you drink?"

"When I feel like it; otherwise I never touch liquor in any form."

"Do you sit up late of nights? Are your habits regular?"

"As a clock. I always go to bed between eleven and three. In fact, I am compelled to admit that since the age of twenty-one I have been in the habit of eating what agreed with me, going to bed when I thought I had staid up long enough, and generally doing what I wished to do."

"Well, sir," said the surgeon, with a frown; "you know, of course, that dissipation will undermine the strongest constitution, and there are some things in your family history that I don't like."

"Sorry I can't have it altered to suit you," said the applicant, gravely; "but I suppose it is too late now for regrets."

"Very unfortunate, to be sure," observed the surgeon, with a melancholy shake of his head. "But I 'll tell you what I will do. You let this application lay over for a month, and we will have inquiries made into your habits and family history; and, if they are satisfactory, I might recommend you for one of our special policies."

"You are very kind," said Mr. Ponsonby, with an air of utter bewilderment.

"Not at all — not at all," said the distinguished surgeon, blandly. "We always give the best terms consistent with duty to our stockholders."

"It all seems so strange," continued Mr. Ponsonby, as he put on his coat, "that it is almost like a dream. I have had an impression all along that some one asked me to come here."

"Our agent," perhaps"—

"I have a dim recollection of a man who came uninvited into my office and fairly took my breath away with his figures and arguments. giving me to understand that this company had hired him to persuade people to have their lives insured. Now I discover that the company does not want to insure any one but Sandows and angels."

"But, my dear sir, we have to be careful —"

"Of course you have. It would n't do to admit a man like me, with both feet in the grave, in a company of men whose ancestors never died, and who live on crackers and water and go to bed at nine every night."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the surgeon, good-humoredly. "Well let us say next week for another examination; and, by that time, we will see what we can do for you."

"No, no," said Mr. Ponsonby, gloomily; "I go hence as a swindler, caught in the act of trying to get insured under false pretences. My health and honor are both irreparably injured."

Then he clapped on his hat and returned to his office in such a state of mind that the typewriter girl said she had the toothache, and went home in alarm.

Sidney.

RECKONED WITHOUT THEIR HOST.

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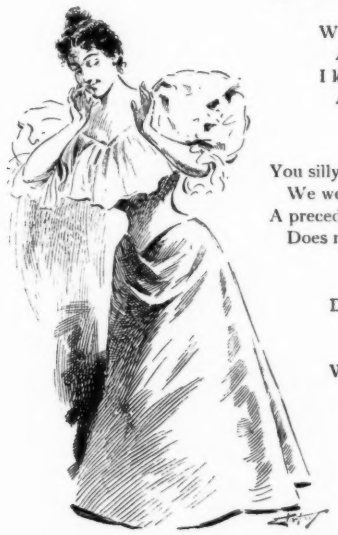
THE WICKED BOYS.—Say, Crips, old man! We 're goin' to swipe all der coppers in yer box.

THE POOR VETERAN.—Not this week, you aint!

LOVE'S LOGIC.



HE.

When we were boy and girl we played
At happy games, and to their rhymes
I kissed you often, dearest maid,
And that 's not counting other times.

SHE.

You silly boy! That 's long ago,
We were but children, and you 'll own
A precedent established so
Does not now hold—for you have grown.

HE.

Dear one, the words you say are true;
That I have grown I'll not deny,
Which evens things between us two,
For *you* have grown as well as I!

L'Envoi.

Love has a logic all its own;
It may not stand analysis,
But then, you see, they were alone—
And she, she let him have the kiss.

R. L. M.

THE MOUTH OF BABES.

S. S. TEACHER.—And why do we all celebrate Easter so joyously?

PRIZE PUPIL.—Because we 're so glad Lent is over.

CLOTHED WITH AUTHORITY.

MRS. STRONGMYND.—Why do the Judges in the higher courts wear gowns?

MR. MANN.—Well, it is thought that it adds dignity and impressiveness to the court.

MRS. STRONGMYND *(disdainfully)*.—Humph! Why don't they wear bloomers?

HOLINESS OF NEWNESS.

LITTLE NELL.—O-o-o! I 'm going to tell Mama!

LITTLE NED.—Wot 's I doin' now?

LITTLE NELL.—You 're wipin' your feet on zee new door-mat!

A TREASURE.

MRS. JOHNSON.—May Brown has grown up to be a fine girl.

JOHNSON.—Yes, indeed! She 's a great comfort to her father.

MRS. JOHNSON.—Is she?

JOHNSON.—Yes; she and her mother often disagree about what they want him to do, and Brown thoroughly enjoys the deadlock.

DEPORTATION.

BRATWURZT.—Mein brudder-in-law haf gome over from Chermany. He vas so dunder-headed I dondt beleef he efer learn to speak Enchlish!

HOLTZKOPF.—You vill haf to gedt him a chob by Hoboken, aindt idt?

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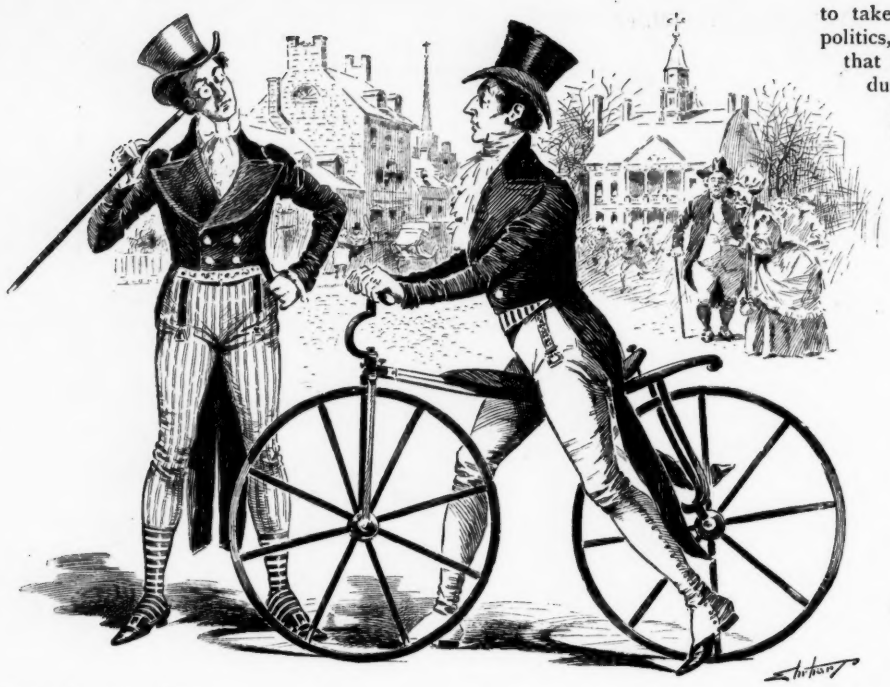
HIS TALE OF WOE.

MR. MOKEBY *(hotly)*.—I claim I wuz outrageously discrimernated ag'inst an' peculated las' night at de club!

MR. WALSINGHAM.—How wuz dat, Mr. Mokeby?

MR. MOKEBY.—I wuz settin' in a game,—I had all de chips, fo dollahs wuth,—an' jes as I wuz gwine to cash 'em in, Mr. Hankinson, de bank, dropped a lighted match on de stack; den dem celluloid chips went "whoof!" an' he pintedly refuse to cash de ashes.



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ITS ORIGIN. (1801.)

FIRST YOUNG BUCK. — I had to be in the fashion, you know, so I imported this velocipede from London. What do you think of it?
SECOND YOUNG BUCK. — It 's a good thing. Push it along!

REVELATIONS.

IT IS said that if any person, however simple, would write out his thoughts and impressions accurately and honestly, it would make good reading.

It would no doubt make good reading for persons that had lawsuits against him, and it would make instructive reading for the police, but it would make poor reading for a man's intimate friends. "So, this is what he thought of us!" they would exclaim. "The miserable hypocrite! And he pretended to like us! This is our reward for seeming blind to his vices, and idiocies, and appearing to respect him." And such an autobiography would be a sad blow, too, to those who hated the writer; for, after reading the honest tale, they would be ashamed to hate him or think of him; and so they would suffer the dead loss of an enemy. A friend more or less is a small matter, but an enemy to hate in our lonely hours can not be lightly lost.

A true and intimate account of a man — say any man — would show whether he thought himself of unusually distinguished appearance. It would decide whether or not the man considered himself of a brilliant mind, by showing us frankly that he did. It would discover to us how big a dullard and a dunce he had concluded to esteem the rest of the world, in order to account in a pleasant and satisfactory manner for its not applauding his jokes and admiring his learning. It would show, too, how fascinating he thought himself among women (if we had time to read his writing on this point); and it would reveal whether, in refraining from exercising his full charm, he considered himself noble and merciful, or simply *blasé* and indifferent.

Such a history would show us how implicitly a man believes in the deceptiveness of a wig at whose auburn artificiality the world has been laughing time out of mind. It would show us how beautiful and graceful the fat woman thinks herself when, unknown to an unsuspecting world, she has laced herself up with a severity of constriction which the world immediately perceives would crush the gnarled and unyielding oak.

Such an autobiography by our orators would show why they have chosen the language of sophomores; by our statesmen, why they have chosen the language of buncombe; by our partisan editors, why they have chosen the language of liars. Our Senators might reveal an honest belief, or, more properly, hallucination, that they are of some small use in the world; and we might understand them better, appreciating, if not approving, their motives in living.

Such an autobiography by the Pope at Rome, who has seemed to take satisfaction only in meddling with our schools and our politics, might show him in the more favorable light of regretting that he had not devoted his efforts to aiding the century's industrial advance by chipping castings in a machine-shop, or shoveling sand on a railroad under the beneficent sway of his compatriot, the King of the Dagos.

There are many advantages that might flow from such frank writing, but no such writing will ever appear. The greater number of people would be ashamed to confess themselves, and the rest of us are too modest. If its sincerity were unquestioned, a great Volume in which a Virtuous man freely set down his noble thoughts would be edifying and uplifting, but I doubt if we should be more than half believed if we wrote it.

Williston Fish.

THE COLLEGIATE TEST.

"Is your son improving his opportunities in college?"

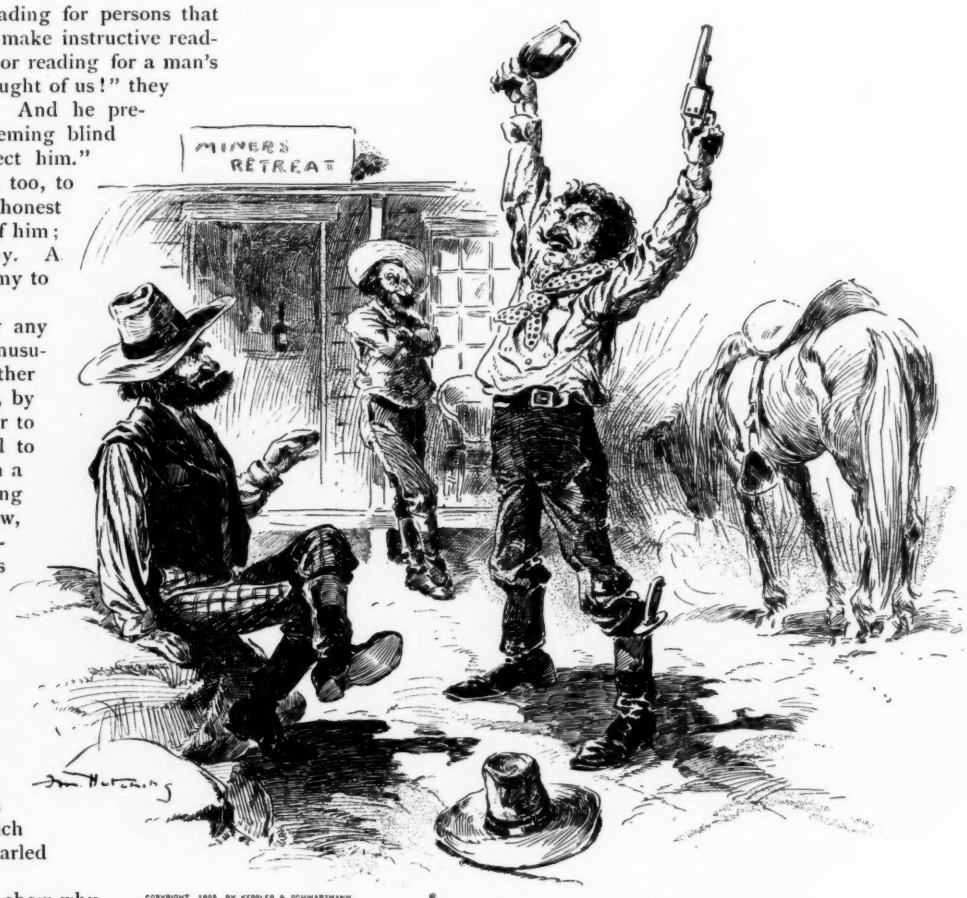
"Yes; he 's just as tough on four hundred dollars a year as the millionaire's son next room who spends five thousand."

FLY.

"Should I fly with Edwin,
Papa,
Would the bills be paid
by thee?"
The old man sternly chid her
And replied, "No flies on me!"

"WHY," THUNDERED the king of Dahomey, lowering his field-glass, "is the left wing of the Amazons firing without orders, and breaking into retreat?"

"Sire," answered the chief of staff, "a courier announces that a cow has appeared in front of the lines at that point."



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ART IN OKLAHOMA.

"Whoop! Ki-yip! Ker-woosh!" roared Cactus Jack, in a blood-shot voice, as he came charging down the main street of Hawville. "I 'm an artist — I am! Whoop!"

"Hellyeare?" responded Alkali Ike, making use of a Choctaw word, which means, "Are you, indeed?"

"That thar is jest whatever I am!" howled Cactus Jack; "and I 'm goin' to paint this yere town red — make a flamin' picture of it that you won't forgit for two years."

"All right," returned Isaac; "I 'll sa'nter around and inform the Hangin' Committee."

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE DISEASE OF THE FAD.

THERE IS a certain very charming book, recently published, which has found readers by the tens of thousands and by the hundreds of thousands, and has attracted an amount of attention which has rarely been given to a work of its class. It has called forth a good deal of discussion, and has been received in various quarters with various degrees of favor; but the general consensus of opinion seems to be that it is a tender and touching tale of a beautiful, lovable and unhappy young woman. So lovable is she; so exquisite is the author's portrayal of her character; so simple and pathetic is her story, that it is not surprising that the book has attained a wide success in spite of the fact that a considerable portion of its text must be quite incomprehensible to ninety-nine readers out of one hundred; for much of the dialogue, and even some of the narrative, is written in a peculiar dialect of the French language, spoken only by a certain class of Parisians of the sort that are popularly known as Bohemians. A very few foreigners acquire this dialect, or slang, or whatever it is to be called, but it is not generally understood outside of certain quarters of Paris; and in America and England only a mere handful of people have any acquaintance with its peculiar vocabulary. Yet so great has been the popular craze for the book that the manifestations of it have become absolutely absurd and offensive to good taste. There have been readings, recitations, dinners, teas, fancy-dress parties, tableaux, receptions, and even shoes and hats and bonnets and coats and neck-ties and breast-pins, and heaven knows what all, till one might think, from the papers that report these fooleries, that the whole country had gone Trilby-mad.

* * *

Such a craze indisputably exists; but it is also indisputable that it is not wholly due to the merits of the book itself. The book is charming — great, if you will — but no more charming and no more great than many other books that have made less stir; and, as we have intimated, there is only a small proportion of its readers that can understand the whole text of it. Why, then, does there exist this mad desire to exploit the personality of a picturesque young woman in a pleasing novel? Simply because this country is developing a class of women who live, move and have their being in the pursuit of fads, and who can no more exist without a constant succession of new fads to pursue than they can exist without the necessary sustenance that keeps their digestive organs going. It is not for Trilby's sweet sake that the fad is invented; Trilby is only a convenient peg on which to hang a fad, and the fad that is hung on it differs from the last fad only as the next one will differ from this or that — in novelty.

* * *

Wealth, luxury, idleness, the conventional life of prosperous cities, lack of care and responsibility, and, above all, the too-prevalent avoidance of the duties of maternity, are the causes that have cursed this country with the fad-hunting woman. A curse she undoubtedly is, not in herself, but in her pernicious example. Personally she is harmless enough, and guiltless of any evil intent. She is, as a rule, the wife or the old maid daughter of some well-to-do man who, after the fashion of most American men, thinks nothing too good for the women of his household; supplies them with everything they can need and desire, and never dreams of thwarting their will in any particular. Nothing *is* too good for the good American woman; she is the best woman that the Lord ever put on the earth, and she deserves all the love and devotion that are given her. But an idle, thoughtless, frivolous woman, with no better mission in life than the profitless killing of time, is just as useless and mischievous in this country as she is in any other; and this is the type of woman that our national prosperity has brought altogether too much to the front, of late years. It is not, we repeat, the woman herself, or her doings or imaginings that can fairly be called intrinsically mischievous. She may follow the Trilby fad with the faith-cure fad, or the pink-tea fad, or the theosophy fad, or the Christian-science fad, or the woman-in-politics fad, or the Hindoo-missionary fad, or the art-for-art's sake fad, or any other fad she pleases; she is not likely to follow up any one of them with sufficient earnestness and sincerity to do any serious harm to herself or to those around her.

* * *

But the notoriety which she gains with her fad-hunting does an infinite amount of mischief. The wind that is raised by a popular fad blows into the sight of the public a host of trifling women who are in no sense whatever fit or proper exemplars in carriage or conduct. They are not at all the sort of women from whom good wives and mothers should learn to shape their lives; and yet there can be no doubt that their frivolity offers an alluring model to thousands of women less fortunately circumstanced and burdened with greater responsibilities. If the evil of the fad disease began and ended with the cases of the idle and well-to-do women who have no better object in life than to find a fresh craze for every weary day, it should cause little regret. When it generates an infection that spreads to the women who make homes and families, and who might find a far better and nobler satisfaction for their natural desire for recreation, relaxation and variety — for a change from a life that is too often as hard as it is beautiful and useful — it becomes an evil that can not be too sternly denounced or too strongly opposed.

AN ECHO FROM THE PAST.

The mighty Brutus scowled, "Slave!" The messenger from the Rome Bureau of Press Clippings trembled. "See here"— the noblest Roman of them all hitched up his toga; —"Mark Antony's press agent gets in two notices to my one, and out of the pitiful handful sent me here nine-tenths are roasts!" Even in the time of proud, Imperial Rome, the public man who played not for the grand stand felt the sting of popular condemnation.

SAMMY'S SUGGESTION.

As I am learning French just now,
Mama, I think it would be handy
To help each exercise along,
To have a little nice French candy.

IN SOUTH AMERICA.

DONNA INEZ.—What is that rumbling noise in the street? It makes me nervous.

DON MANUEL.—Don't be frightened, dear. It is only a revolution; or, perhaps, an earthquake.

A FOOLISH BIRD.

In early Spring to plume his wing
And northward steer his way,
Where hail and sleet on his plumage beat,
The bluebird is a jay!

NO PLEASURE.

DOCTOR STRAIGHTLACE *(reprovingly)*.—I always thought you were one of my most devout parishioners, and had no doubt but that you would give up all pleasure during Lent. Now I hear that you gave a euchre party last week.

MISS DE STYLE.—Goodness me, Doctor! Do you call *giving* a euchre party pleasure? It is simply hard work, worry and vexation of spirit.

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EASTER IN THE OLD-WORLD BARNY

CHORUS OF FIGHTING ROOSTERS.—We

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BUILDING N.Y.

LD BARNYARD —— A NEW CHICKEN HATCHED.

ROOSTERS.—Well! Well! — who 'd have thought it?

CONSOLATION.

HE LAY on a cot, racked with terrible pain,
And thought not of matters supernal;
He said that he suffered — in truth, that was plain,—
The torments of regions infernal.

Those were not his words — much plainer were they,
His language decidedly drastic;
But he stopped as he heard his prim nurse softly say:
"Already?" in manner sarcastic.

Elliott Flower.

SPLENDID SCHEME.

EDITOR. — I 'm going to offer one thousand dollars in gold to any one who can guess how this story is coming out.

SPACER. — Pretty expensive, is n't it?

EDITOR. — Not very; the last chapter won't be written till after the answers are all in.

THERE SEEMS no reason why every one
Should not be wealthy when
They can sell for one hundred dollars
A bicycle built for ten.

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WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

MR. MOKEBY *(with heat)*. — Look heah, sah; yo' am an' imposture, sah! I done gib yo' fo' bits jess yestiddy fo' de lef' hind leg ob a graveyahd rabbit, an' las' nite hit wuz stoled from me, tergedder wif fo' dollahs an' my watch an' chain!

UNCLE DUPLEX *(the conjure man, impressively)*. — An' don't dat prove de efficaciousness ob dat rabbit foot? De minnit yo' los' it yo' los' yo' money, luck an' waluables!

AS ONE WOMAN TO ANOTHER.

MRS. GRADLEY *(tearfully)*. — I don't care who knows it! My husband has got to give up either me or his lodge! He gets worse and worse; I don't believe he 'll ever be any account, the worthless brute!

NEIGHBOR *(soothingly)*. — I did n't think it was so bad. But Mrs. Smithers did tell me, yesterday, that your husband was a poor creature, at best.

MRS. GRADLEY *(flaring up)*. — Oh, she did! did she? Well, I 'll just let that back-biting gossip know she can't run around slandering the best man in this town! Poor creature, indeed! He 's worth a thousand Tom Smithers, and I 'll let her know it! Wait till I get my bonnet!

THE MAN who has just acquired wealth is very much like the lamp that blazes over its chimney. If he is not turned down his luminosity will burst him.

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A HORRIBLE EXAMPLE.

WIFE *(reading paper)*. — Just see the frightful effects of rum, John; here 's a young man got drunk and walked right into a church.

HUSBAND *(drowsily)*. — Yes, yes; rum 's liable to land a man 'most anywhere!

A ROLAND FOR HIS OLIVER.

POTTS. — Say, I believe Carder did me in that last jack-pot. I said "two pair, kings up;" he said, "three little deuces," threw in his cards and raked in the chips. I don't believe he had 'em.

DECKER. — Well, why did n't you have both hands shown down?

POTTS *(uneasily)*. — Why, to tell you the truth, I did n't have the two pair!

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FRATERNAL STRIFE.

MOTHER *(looking into room)*. — What 's Frankie crying for?

WILLY. — He 's crying for my cake.

MOTHER. — The little pig! What did he do with the one I gave him?

WILLY. — Oh, I ate his up first!

Do you sleep?

"For years past I had been greatly annoyed by frequent spells of excessive nervousness, the most annoying feature of which was that I would lie awake for hours after retiring and wear myself out with turning and tossing about. I purchased one bottle of

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The "Best" Tonic

and, on retiring, took a wineglassful. It quieted my nerves almost immediately, and I went to sleep at once and slept soundly all night, and arose in the morning feeling quite refreshed. **"Best" Tonic** is the only preparation that has ever given me the slightest relief from this terrible nervousness. I have recommended it to numerous friends and acquaintances who were troubled as I was, and, without exception, they have expressed great satisfaction from the use of **"Best" Tonic.**

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L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

JOHNNY.—Ma, did God make woman as well as man?

MAMA.—Certainly, my son!

JOHNNY.—Did He make Miss Uglyface?

MAMA.—Why, of course, Johnny! Why do you ask such silly questions?

JOHNNY.—Don't you think, Ma, He must have chuckled when He made her?

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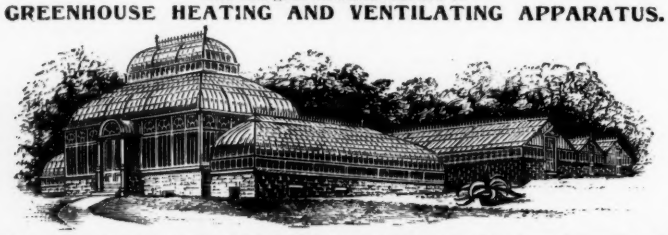

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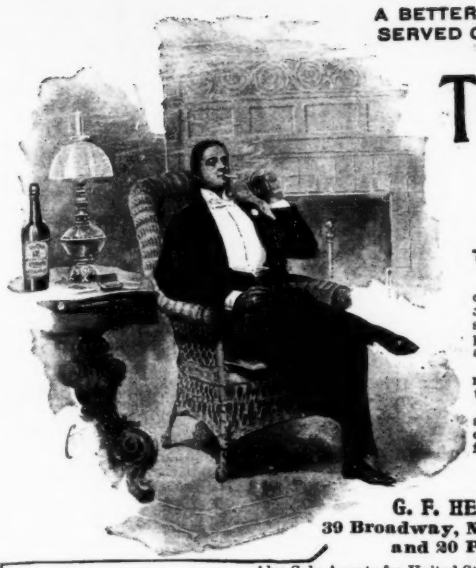

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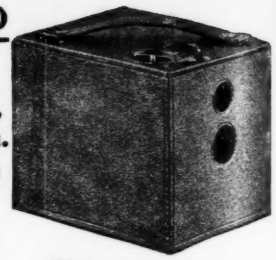

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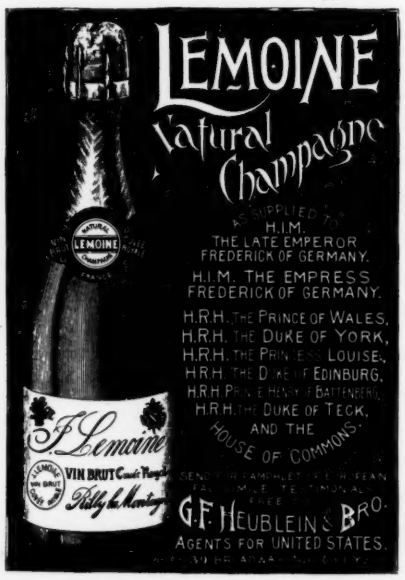

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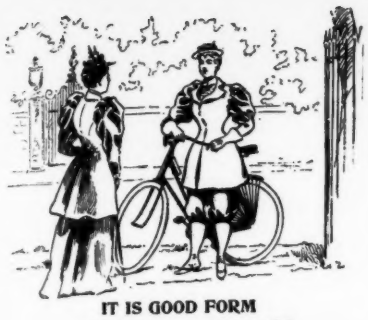

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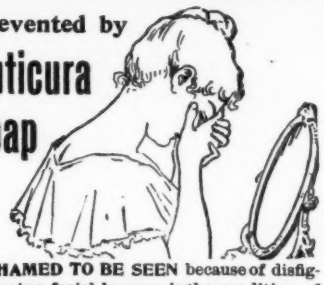

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Athwart the sapphire skies of Spring,
The Poet saw the blue bird wing ;
The robin's note the morning long
Had stirred his inmost soul to song
In answer to its chorusing.

But, ah! his most unhappy state,
By some mischance of cruel fate
His tablets all had been forgot.
He searched and searched, but found them not,
And all his hopes were desolate.

'T was then by some most happy chance
Upon his wristbands fell his glance ;
Once more the smouldering muse is fired ;
Here 's space to jot the verse inspired
Upon their smoothly white expanse.

A "Song to Spring," two sonnets fair,
A ballade and a rondeau there ;
He scribed them down in happy vein
The joyous children of his brain,
And that used up, both sides, the pair.

Then speeding on his homeward way,
With all his spirits blithe and gay,
To transfer on to paper fair
The songs he 'd made that morning there,
Not once to loiter, stop or stay

'Till home. He goes then to his den
For paper, ink, and for a pen ;
Meanwhile he thinks of glory, fame,
And how the lustre of his name
Shall shine from hence before all men.

'T was fate that then upon the scene
Should come his servitor to glean
Those precious cuffs, the Poet's hope ; —
Ah ! numbskull, thoughtless Ethiop ! —
With but one thought — to wash them clean.

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'T is done! Oh, hapless son of song,
'T is done! although you stayed not long.
Small wonder should the Poet start
To hear the beating of his heart,
Now that he sees there 's something wrong.

"My cuffs! My cuffs! Oh, Gracious Gosh!"
The Ethiop stops with startled slosh,
And brings them both, a dripping pair.
No poesy had she left there —
It had all come out in the wash!

A SPRING-TIME TRAGEDY.